

A Portrait of the Artist, Etc, Etc

There's a cross above the window made out of palm:  
a refugee from a religious holiday saved from the burning  
that precedes yet another religious holiday.

I turned twenty-two the same day my brother ended a four-year relationship.  
Yes, I was eighteen when they met and twenty-one when they started having problems.

I keep seeing things I love pop up  
in the clearance section at the used bookstore.  
This is more damaging to my perception of self  
than whenever it was I stopped believing in God.  
I might have been eighteen.

I want to live somewhere  
where all the people look like me (that means light skin and dark hair)  
speak my language and share my world-view.  
I could at least be bored among friends.

Then we could roam Spanish hillsides  
as a pack of racial ambiguity with the same genes  
that keep us looking young.

There's a song they play on the radio  
that's so good it makes me want to stop listening to music.  
No, it's not a current song.

Don't read too much into that last line.  
Decrying the popular taste is a young man's game,  
and I've been legally able to drink for over a year now.  
I only meant that everything that came before me  
makes me want to stop living in the present.

Why don't they call pop stations "newies"?

Was that last line too cute?

I have over seven-hundred albums  
contained in a hard-drive that fits in my palm.  
"The future is now!" I tell myself.  
Well then, where is the now?  
Living in the moment robs you of introspection.

A black singer once said, "time is for white people."  
I don't know where that leaves me.  
Somewhere between the future and the now,  
up to my neck in the past, trying to come clean  
as a young man ready for the world.

There's a cross above the doorframe made out of palm.